

Future

“Life is like a box of chocolate, you never know what you’re gonna get” This quote from the movie Forrest Gump can play a theme within this paper. An ongoing theme within my 19 years is unexpected success. Since this quote is such an inspiration to me I can already see my future being bright. After college and graduate school, I plan to be the best I can be. The economy might be hard an unsteady for some but I plan to shine brighter than family members and colleagues. I'm currently majoring in criminal justice, although that’s what I always thought I would major in. Life takes unexpected turns. Lately I’ve taken a fond interest in education. Do I see myself being a school teacher, cop, prosecutor or lawyer? I don’t know anymore. In high school I was always told that I should know what I want to be by the time my senior year of high school was over. I always felt that pressure to push myself to understand who I really am as a person, what I like and dislike. To me picking a major is one of the hardest decisions I’ve ever had to make since I was always told that I should love the job I end up doing so much that it doesn’t even feel like work. Although my future seems so far away it’s coming so fast. It feels like just yesterday I was a summer freshman, now I’m about to enter my sophomore year. Who knows where I’ll end up going.

Past

October 1996, the day my mother thought she’d never see me again.....Well before I get into detail about that disturbing day let’s talk about the beautiful necklace I received. I was 14 and had just came home from a long day of school. My mother and aunt were standing at the bus stop waiting for me with a gift bag that looked to be like an early birthday present. Running off the big yellow school bus I grab the bag and pull out a brown wooden necklace which was passed down a couple generations and somehow ended up in my easily misplacable hands. It was pretty

weird yet thoughtful, a not so impressed look took over my face with a sarcastic smile. [1] On the walk from the bus stop to my house I received the news of a lifetime. October 20th 1996 I was kidnapped. I mean yeah, it sounds so silly and unreal even I had a hard time believing it. Why don't I remember my own kidnapping you might ask? Because I was only 10 months old! The remembrance of a couple years ago when my grandmother was looking at a DVD of an old recorded news broadcast from 1996, I remembered the name Porter on the screen, also helicopters flying around like eagles as if they were searching for something important. But at such a young age I was not so interested in the news. So at that moment I put two and two together and made it so easy to understand. My jaw touched the floor, not literally of course. I felt a bone chilling shudder run through my body as I thought of myself as a helpless baby, kidnapped by a complete stranger and separated from my family. An article was handed over to me after we arrived home. I skimmed over it and read little parts of it out loud but definitely not the whole thing. Reading never excited me so finishing a book, article or sometimes even a sentence seemed too much. Flabbergasted to say the least I felt as if I was being lied to. As if I was on the show Pranked. "Where's Ashton Kutcher?" I thought in my head. After re-reading the article I came across my aunt's name. "Why would my aunt have anything to do with this situation at all?" I continued to read and blurted out, "WOW, You did this?" [2] On the article I came across the bone chilling truth. My aunt had left me strapped in an unsupervised car. I mean key in the ignition and all, it was a criminal's get away. All he had to do was just hop right in and off with a car and a baby. Which is exactly what had happened. It was two for the price of one. Such simplicity to it all, I had such a hard time trying to understand how someone could be so irresponsible. No matter how much anger I had within me a feeling in me felt special. It was good to know that I was actually OK. While the horrific images of that predicament scorched my

1 Appearance

2 Dialogue

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mind as I imagined the horror of it all, I could not help but marvel at the miracle of my safe return. For as long as I can remember there has always been a bubble that enveloped me. Outside of that bubble stands my mom with a watchful eye and cautionary words: warning, shielding and protecting. My constant wails of “Mom! I am not a BABY!” would always fall on deaf ears. There is now a little more of an understanding and thankfulness.

Present

Where do I even begin, well I’m a freshman all over again. A freshman in college that is. I never thought I would get to where I am today. With all life has thrown my way I feel as if I’m living success living proof that “life happens”. While entering my freshman year of college my aunt to whom I am now very close with today gave me a beautiful tanzanite birth stone necklace to wish me all the best of luck with my future endeavors. Although college has been nothing but a huge headache, there has been some great times with some amazing people. All throughout high school I never knew that where I am today is where I’d be. I had always contemplated attending college, and questioned if this is what I wanted to do with my life. But it’s surely going to become the best years of my life. Just like high school it will probably go extremely fast, like the fact that I’m going to be considered a sophomore now. [3] I am forever grateful I’ve gotten to experience my experience here at Bloomsburg University. I am even more grateful that I am only an hour away from home. Although I feel as if I’m so far from my family they’re only a phone call away and a 73 mile drive away. Sitting here right now I can see the future I’ve always hoped from myself. I mean who knows what I’ll end up doing but damn sure I’ll be the best at it.

With all this being said I believe that my experiences in life and future experiences is what it means to be educated. I life we go everyday learning something new. Seeing new things, hearing

1 Appearance

2 Dialogue

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new things and doing new things. All of this is what it means to be educated. It means to gain experience and knowledge to become a better, smarter you. Both of my experiences and my predicted future experience has to deal with the theme of being successful because all throughout my life I've been coming out of bad or hard situations tuning them into good life learning ones. Life throws unexpected situations at you. You don't know what's coming but you find a way to make each of those situations better. As said before "Life is like a box of chocolate you never know what you're gonna get"

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